ALLY SLOPERS HALF HOLIDAY. AN OLD TIME TALE.

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M Humor As Depicted By English Comic Papers D

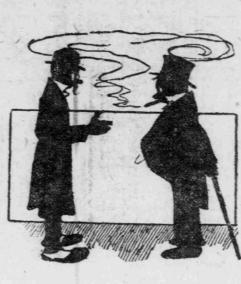








So Jack proposed to you last night? Did you say



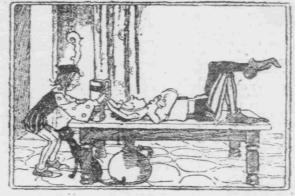






FANCY BILLIARD SKETCH.









(4) And as ye beer-stained fester darted forth to avenge ye locall has own particular much had him rejoice, for that he was at last actually being funny. And she laughed right mobilly at his sorry plight.

GLASS-EYED

and showed it by his artless contempt of God's own. Bob Hammil, the driver of the Las Vegas stage, condescended a little to his only passenger—offered him a nip, together with a few reflections on the universe tempt of God's own. Bob Hamwith a few reflections on the universe with a few reflections on the universe that weighed only a pound, and an expand went out of his way to say some the things about "ever thar." But the straight-backed, yellow moustached, soldierly-looking gentleman from "over thar" received these advances with inarticulate murmurs of the straight of th repression, and, on their being repeated, turned away the light of his countenance from Robert Hammil and engrossed himself in the scenery of California. This was a pity, not only for its tacit denial of the brotherhood of man, but because it later on involved the descent space-together with a dressing case, dispatch box, hat box, portmanteau,

inscription: El Nido Ranch. A little unbending on the part of the tentleman from "over thar" would have resulted in Bob's taking a detour his destination, and this for no other toll than a grasp of the hand at parting and a hearty "You're welcome" as he whipped up his four horses. But Captain Anstruther was unused to a scheme of things where a ready fellowship counted for more than money. All his life people had automatically risen to carry his luggage, move him in the per direction, and answer gener-for his comfort and well being. To find himself on a dusty road in the heart of a wild and lonely country, an orphan traveler, so to speak, with no-body to take care of him but himselfwas it any wonder that Captain Claude was it any wonder that Captain Claude George Pennifeild Anstruther looked somewhat depressed, or that the tails of his puggaree drooped limply in the ambient air of the Golden State?

Of course, he had a puggaree and strange, enormous shoes, with hobnalis in them, and a wonderful checked knickerbocker costume, involving a weird variety of gaiter that stopped

was plainly new to God's country, and showed it by his artless contempt of God's own. Bob Hamber of God's own. Bob Hamber of the Las Vegas stage, seended a little to his only pastroffered him a nip, together a few reflections on the universe went out of his way to say some was a few reflections on the universe went out of his way to say some was a few reflections on the universe went out of his way to say some was a few reflections on the universe went out of his way to say some was a few reflections on the universe went out of his way to say some was a few reflections on the universe went out of his way to say some was a few reflections on the universe was a few reflections on the universe went out of his way to say some was a few reflections on the universe was a few reflections of the few has a few reflections of the few has a few reflection of the few man, but because it later on involved the descent of the straight-backed gentleman into what might be called fere with the stars in their courses

space—together with a dressing case, dispatch box, hat box, portmanteau, gun case, portable bath and a roll of steamer rugs. The stage dropped him at the dusty crossroads, disappearing in the direction of what a rusty notice in the direction of what a rusty notice said was Watsonville, while the erstwhile passenger gazed blankly at another on which was the half-obliteration. It wild be a provided by the specific property of the specific provided by the specific provi that British solidity and dead weight might be carried too far. He was even more of this opinion by the time he had conveyed these articles to the shelter of some adjacent chapparal and had lopped off (with the help of the knife with the folding spoon, the gimler, saw and sailor's needle) enough dusty branches to hide them from the gray. branches to hide them from the gaze

f possible passersby.

This accomplished, he set off, in no very rosy frame of mind, to follow the road to El Nido ranch. He did not step out with the air of a man assured of a bath, a Scotch-and-soda and a hospitable welcome. On the contrary, he were the set expression of one charged with a very disagreeable duty; was weighted like lead besides with the memory of a dressing case, dispatch box, hat box, portmanteau, gun case, box, hat box, portinanteau, gun case, portable bath, and roll of steamer rugs, left unchecked in the cloak room of high heaven. However, he advanced as the flower itself; and in contrast as the flower itself; and in contrast the dust and heat without the sight. high heaven. However, he advanced manfully, swinging a very thick stick and printing the mountain road with a hobnailed pattern that puzzled the school children for days afterward. A mile—two miles—and then he came in sight of some straggly red beildings on a hill. The captain pegged away: the red buildings grew redder and larg—the red buildings grew redder and larg—the roone of them, almost a factory for some straggly red being cough; so he coughed. At first property that it was almost a bullety

place was protected by a board which said succinctly: "Keep out"; but the Englishman, undeterred by the warning, kept on, and strode up the gravel ever, by the prevailing silence. He would have welcomed the bark of a dog, or some gruff voice demanding what he wanted. To walk into such a tomblike quiet made him uncomfortable. He saw himself in imagination was into such a said to the same that the same himself in imagination was into the same that the sam essibly misjudged; beset, maybe, and o assert the uprightness of his inten

ions. He tramped up the three steps eading to the porch like a mule bat-

tery going into action. But the still-

He looked about in perplexity until at last, in the darkest and furthest corner, he detected a hammock, and saw, not without relief, that it was occupied by a warmboart form. cupied by a recumbent figure. He wen over to it, still in his heavy, soldierly fashion, and looked down on-well, what in his own words he used to debeautiful creacha" I was ever privi-leged to gaze upon—Gad, a girl of 20, with her lips a little parted on the whitest teeth you ever saw, and her breath coming and going as faint as a baby's in a cot; and beauty? Why, it was like seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight—the same indescribable what

d'ye callum, you know, when something seems to take you by the throat and you gasp, my boy, positively gasp!" She was dressed in silvery gray, with a wide lace collar about her neck, and

est, growling, bulldoggish cough that seemed to say: "Wake up, confound

At last she stirred and opened her eyes and met those of the stranger looking down at her. He said hastily; "I beg your pardon," and betrayed enough agitation to spill a box of sweets and a half-opened novel from their chair beside him. The girl sat up in the hammock, still gazing at him

he was and where he came from.

("Gad, sir, in a voice like a Cashmiri flute on the Lake of Sclangor, borne over the water at dusk! Or the bulbul anybody. I've come from England just in one of those mouldy old gardens where the Rajout princes held high revel in the company days!") "My name is Anstruther," he caid,

picking chocolate creams off the floor. "Captain Anstruther of the One Hundredth dragoon guards-British army, She smiled at him without saying a

"You are, I presume, Miss Helen Jaffrey?" he went on.

She showed the least little sign of embarrassment and colored perceptibly as she assented with a movement of

"Extraordinary," ejaculated the cap-in. "Most extraordinary!" "Why?" she asked. It was the captain's turn to look put

"I am not accustomed to awaken the ani not accused an accuse of the said. "I "Well, all he's got left of that is his e myself on being a man of the dd, but positively, for once, I felt boys called him Glass-Eyed Bill, you There was my side of it, too," she

both laughed, and the captain si?d permission to take a chair. He ould be a very agreeable man when the chose, and it was plain that he was choosing. His manner was almost too ingratiating, and Helen could not but wonder inwardly what he was after. "My business—is rather with your father." he said.

"He's at the Hot Springs, sick," she said. "I'm running the winery for him. Can't you make me do?"
"You don't mean to say you are in charge of this whole establishment?

"Oh, yes, I'm the boss here," she returned, "though, of course, I have papa on the wire, you know. What can I do for you, captain? We'll only The captain did not suffer from such a

sponsible people."
"Oh, it isn't wine," said the captain

"You can ring up pa in the next room," she said, helpfully. "Call up Long Distance and ask for Byron Hot "It isn't the kind of thing you can very well telephone," said the

"Then you'd better chase him up to

"Then what do you want pa for?

she demanded.
"I thought it would be better to lay it before him first," he returned. I have pa in my pocket, as

called Gray?" he inquired.

a subordinate position "Oh. yes," she said: "only he's most-ly called Bill, you know. I should say he is here. Very much here, indeed!" "His real name is William Charles

Hepworth St. John Gray," said the cap-tain impressively.
"Well, all he's got left of that is his eyeglass." she said. "That's why the It took the captain a little time to

get over the shock.

"I have a particular reason to know all about Mr. Gray," he said at last.
"Such a reason might be friendly or unfriendly," she said.

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have you think for a moment that my interest could be for anything but for his advantage. I beg you to believe that. It would be pre-mature to explain why, but will you not take it on trust? Besides, it is not as though I did not know the whole miserable story of his decline and virhave walked 'round the block to help

mute interrogation, and his straight, halfway up his calf. He was no less er; one of them, almost a factory for so gently that it was almost a lullaby, there for our wines-that is, if your honest gaze reassured her. Something that he drank," she said.

about him was indefinably reminiscent

"That is why I am here," he returned gravely. "That is why I want you to

the girl, "he was the most forforn, hopeless, tattered thing you ever saw. Ah Sue gave him something to eat on the doorstep—(Ah Sue has a heart like melted butter, you know)—and I hap-pened to be passing through the kitchen and saw him there. Do you know what he said to me, sticking his eyeglass in his eye and speaking with his mouth full of chicken tamale? Said understood now why pigs squealed when they ate! If he hadn't sail that I suppose he'd have gone away, and that would have been the end of him. "You'd better begin with me." she could 1? Besides, it was awfully piti-id. "That is, if you want to get any--so handsome even in his terrible clothes—a gentleman, you know."

The captain wriggled nervously on his chair. These recollections seemed to make him acutely uncomfortable. His shrewd, tanned, face was bright with an interest not untouched with shame. Had Helen needed any reasexpression of his face would have been

"We knew he was in very low wa-er," he said. "We knew he had parted from nearly all the associations—the refinements of— Had lost caste, and sunk lower and lower in the western avernus—but we never dreamed he had been reduced to—to—"

'The chicken of charity," said the girl, filling in the gap.
"I would call it rather the husks of the prodigal son," said the captain, sol-

"Are you the elder brother?" she "No, no," returned the captain, "only what you might call—a—friend, a—"Bill didn't have any friends," said, bitterly.. "Only an aunt, that's all. Except for her, he said there wasn't a soul in England who would

Captain Anstruther looked depre "Of course the trouble with Bill was

remarked: "been there for a year and Water wagon tell me everything."

"When he first blew in here," said for?-"

tain. "Is that the vernacular for-

"Oh, he did everything," assented the

explained. "I guess you wouldn't know Bill now. He has money in the bank and drinks coffee with his meals!"

"I suppose we ought all to thank you," he said. "Yes, indeed, we are very grateful to you." "I don't want you to think I am just

a little angel," she went on, "or that I go around radiating reform like a lawnsprinkler sprinkling. I'm quite a believer in letting people mind their own business. But you see, in this case, Bill brought it on his own head."

"That's where he usually brought things," said the captain. "Often pretty hard, too!"

"He never was a nipping kind of a man, thank goodness," she said, "but he used to go off on what pa called a biennial bust. He had been here five months, and a perfect pattern before we got on to it. Pa at last made him the Dago foreman, you know, and we were really beginning to think we had found our long lost child. He was always so polite, you know, and hard working and reliable; and he just snuggled into the place like a dog that's followed you home. Pa said it was all too good to be true; and I guess pa was right, for one hot Sunday afternoon a right, for one hot Sunday afternoon a man came running in to say that Bill was fighting drunk, and was waltzing around the yard with a pistol to shoot Mr. Jackson with (our chemist, you know, and expert winemaker), and that he was drawing beads on anybody that tried to stop him. Even while he was talking we heard bang, bang, bang! out there, and Mr. Jackson came pelting in like a jack rabbit—not a bit hurt, you know, but like a person on a sinking know, but like a person on a sinking ship wanting to catch the last boat. I started upstairs to get under the bed, but I hadn't got up a step before I saw pa reaching for his Winchester and pinning his deputy sheriff badge on the lapel of his coat. I knew that was the end of Bill, and it came over me I couldn't bear to have him killed—he was too big- and splendid to be shot down like a dog; and anyway. I had down like a dog; and anyway, I had

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